

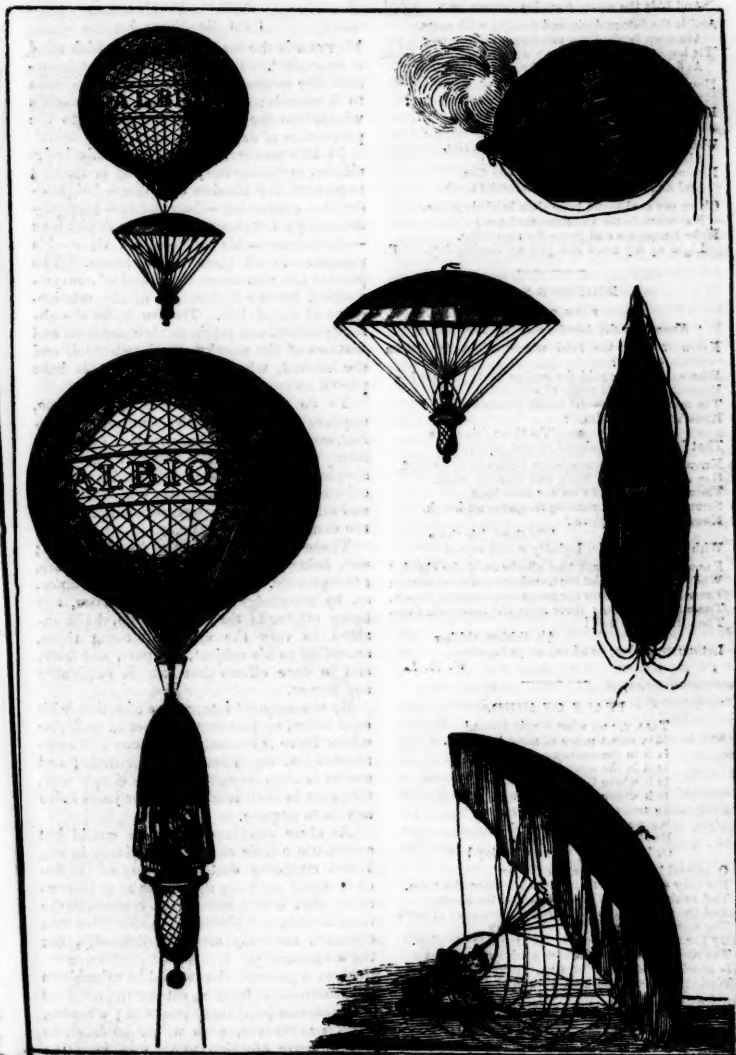
The Mirror

OF
LITERATURE, AMUSEMENT, AND INSTRUCTION.

No. 953.]

SATURDAY, JUNE 15, 1839.

[PRICE 2d.]



MR. HAMPTON'S ASCENT FROM CREMORNE HOUSE, CHELSEA.

THURSDAY, JUNE 13, 1839.

Vol. XXXIII.

2 B

P. 376

HOPE.

(For the Mirror.)

'Tis hope that cheers us through the ills of life,
And animates us when with cares oppress;
It soothes the mind, and sweetly softens strife,
And bids the weary from his sorrows rest.

And is the future dark, and fraught with cares,
Are deep forebodings pressing on the mind?
'Tis hope that smooths the path and calms our fears,
And by its presence can e'en comfort find.

How like a sunbeam on the soul it glows,
Sheds a soft balm and speaks a sweeter peace;
Dispels the gloom and dissipates our woes,
And joys arise, and sorrows quickly cease.

Wafted on wings of hope the soul doth rise,
Above the transitory joys of earth;
Beyond the present, far beyond she flies,
And seeks for pleasures of celestial birth.

Oh on my soul sweet hope then brightly shine,
Nor prove to me an evanescent ray;
Make happiness and peace for ever mine,
Light up my morn and gild my closing day. P.

MIGNON'S SONG.

FROM GOETHE.

"Kennst du das Land wo die citronen blühen."
Know'st thou the land where bright the citron
blooms?
Where clustering gold the orange grove illumines?—
Beneath the genial azure of whose sky
The myrtle thrives—the laurel shoots up high?
Know'st thou that land?

'Tis there, 'tis there
That I, with thee, beloved, would repair.
Know'st thou the house?—on pillars rests its roof,
Gay sheen adorn its halls, and tapestry woof.
There marble faces fix on me their look
Serene; but here I chilling frowns must brook.
Know'st thou the place?

'Tis there, 'tis there
With thee, my guide, I gladly would repair.
Know'st thou the path that climbs amid the clouds?
While thickening mist the traveller's mule enshrouds?
There haunt of wolves the gaunt and famished brood;
There falls the crag; there roars the mountain flood.
Thou know'st it well!

Ah, thither, thither
Let us, my father, wend our steps together.

W. H. L.

PEACE OF MIND.

Tell me on what magic ground
May sweet peace of mind be found.
Is it in the sunbeam bright?
Is it in the moon's pale light?
Is it where the violets grow?
Is it where the roses blow?
In sweet friendship or in love,
Natives of the world above?
Dwells it in the palace gay,
Or in the lowly cottage?—Say!

O mortal! it is not in any of these.
For they all pass away like the leaf from the trees.
The sunbeam is lost in the frown of the storm,
And the moonlight retreats from the presence of morn.
The scent of the violet is wafted away
By the zephyr that loves in her fragrance to play.
The rose in her beauty which gladdens our eyes
Is plucked by the spoiler, then withers and dies:
While friendship and love, though they brighten our
way,
Fail to yield us that peace even brighter than they.
In splendour's gay palace, or poverty's cot,
It dwells not alone; then there seek it not,
But seek it where Faith, Hope, and Charity fair,
Hold Religion's bright torch, for its dwelling is there.
L. S.

ESSAY ON MAGUILPS;
OR, MATERIALS FOR PAINTING.

BY MR. LATILLA.

READ AT THE LAST MEETING OF THE SOCIETY OF
BRITISH ARTISTS.

(For the Mirror.)

MATTER is the medium through which mind is expressed. The poet, by the most inconsiderable means, transmits his glowing ideas to thousands; conveying them, as on eagle's wings, into the regions of spirits, or to the perception of darkness visible.

In like manner, through materials insignificant in themselves, the artist is enabled to present the illusion of space—height—depth—cultivation—barrenness—beauty—deformity; but, beyond these, to depict man—his person—his virtues—his vices—his passions—in all their varied forms. The painter can also touch the chord of our sympathies, by the delineation of the relationships of social life. He can make the absent present, and retain to view the form and features of the worthy, the intellectual, and the beloved, when the bright originals have passed away.

To do all this with success, it is true, requires the three-fold combination of *intellect, manipulation, and material*. The latter forms the theme of this essay; namely, the simple medium by which painters lay on their colours; such as maguils, oils, varnishes, and all those mixtures or compositions which are denominated vehicles.

These are indispensable to the artist; and, being adopted to produce beauty, are, consequently, of considerable importance, as, by knowledge in these peculiarities, and being master of their wide range, he is enabled to vary the mode of using them, according to his subject, compass, and taste, and to dare effects that exhibit originality and power.

By the frequent intercourse of artists with each other, or painting together in galleries where there is mutual observation and communication, much benefit is derivable; and matter is often imparted in this simple way, that men in their studies may for years strive in vain to acquire.

At these meetings, if artists would but contribute a little of their experience in art, I feel confident that the library of the Society would some day afford a fund of information, that would considerably smooth the rugged path, and obviate the difficulties that obstruct, not only artists individually, but the art generally.

Many a precept, that would be valuable to the profession at large, is often circumscribed to the narrow practice of one man; whereas, if all contributed, each would be likely to receive some addition to his own from the general store. I do not mean to say that, because an artist is in possession of a certain

Rem. VII-5.

valuable medium, or vehicle, he will necessarily become a Titian, or a Rubens; but I do say, that, trifling as these means may appear, they are, nevertheless, essential to the perfection of art. They have their proper place, and are neither to be overrated as the chief excellence, nor despised and overlooked, any more than the words by which the poet expresses his idea, or the historian his fact. The characteristics of each school are shown by their peculiar mode of painting, as well as by their invention, drawing, colour, and *chiaro scuro*.

In the management of material, the Venetian School was pre-eminent, though inferior to the Roman and Florentine in drawing and power of invention.

The Roman painters, estimating colour as a secondary object, never attained the highest excellence in it.

Michael Angelo, after visiting Titian, expressed to Vasari his unbounded admiration of that master's painting; at the same time regretting his neglect of drawing.

Titian and Correggio, through being masters of their material, infused a charm into their works which has baffled the efforts of succeeding ages.

The Spanish, Flemish, and English, are justly celebrated for brilliancy of colour, dexterity of pencilling, and use of the oleaginous mediums; but in neither of these schools do the maugip in anywise approach to the perfection of the medium used by the Venetians, and which, though used by Bellini, Giorgione, Moroni, Titian, Paul Veronese, Bonifacio, and Bassano, is unknown to us. This exquisite vehicle possessed the power of rendering the pigments remarkably brilliant, produced a fine impasto, and a depth of tone to the glazings, rivaling the beauties of precious stones, and to these qualities a hardness, rendering it exceedingly durable, and upon which the light and atmosphere of three centuries have made little impression.

If fine pictures of the Flemish School be placed in juxtaposition with those of the Venetian, the superiority of the latter will be seen at once, where the tints are comparable to the lucid gleam imming from the deep hues of the lapis-lazuli, ruby, emerald, and topaz: the striking lustre of Rubens, and the charming delicacy of Vandyke, fade before them, as the aqua-marine in the presence of the diamond.

The Flemish imitated these masters, who have rendered Venice so celebrated, and though they succeeded in improving their own system, they never attained the object of their fond pursuit.

The Venetian method has also occupied much of the attention of the English School; Reynolds even destroyed several valuable pictures in order to discover their principle of colour, and the vehicle used by them. There is no record of his discoveries in

2 B 2

these analyzations; but it is certain he succeeded, beyond any other artist, in obtaining the depth and richness of tone, so remarkable in Giorgione, Titian, and Correggio: it is to be regretted that, with this, he did not acquire their permanency and durability.

Many English artists successfully imitate the Venetian principle of colour and *chiaro scuro*; but the medium by which our pigments are used, tend rather to render our deep tones opaque and black. The same appearance is obvious in Roman, Florentine, and Spanish pictures. The Flemings avoided this blackness, by letting the ground or canvas appear through the dark glazings.

It was a principle with Rubens, never to introduce white into the shadows. With his vehicle he acted wisely; but the superior medium of the Venetians rendered their opaque bodies transparent; and thus, with the very opposite principle to Rubens, they shone forth with eclipsing splendour.

The medium of the Flemish School appears to possess the same properties as our maugip; which is a gelatin; produced by the mixture of drying oil and mastic varnish.

Ibbelton, the cattle painter, discovered a medium, by dissolving gum-mastic in drying oil, and mixing it up with sugar of lead and water. This also forms a thick gelatin, and is well adapted for small pictures: it retains the brilliancy of the colours, and dries very hard without cracking. By grinding the gum-mastic, in lieu of dissolving it in drying oil with sugar of lead and water, it forms a stiff paste, which, in effect, resembles nearer the Venetian medium than any with which I am acquainted: it has their impasto, and retains the lustre of the colours without making them black. In referring to experiments I made some years ago, I find even colours, evanescent in their nature, fixed and perfect by this vehicle.

Let it not be thought, because this subject is brought forward, that I would place a medium, a material, as the all-important subject of a painter's study, like the specific of an empiric.

The palette of Titian, in other hands, would not produce similar effects, without an equal power of mind. With all advantages of material and models, the artist, without a profundity of philosophic research, can never rise to eminence in the higher walks of art. The student who aspires to the fame of the great men of antiquity, must adopt the same course, tread the same path, and encounter the same difficulties; at no lesser cost can the end be achieved.

Art is perfected by the manifold unity of the sciences; and in this Institution, where are associated the literati, dilettanti, and scientific, art generally will derive the benefits which foreign academies enjoy; and means, however simple, and apparently insignifi-

cant in themselves, as forming a portion of a perfect whole, merits consideration; especially when it is remembered, that the transmission to posterity of the artistic talent of an age depends on the *medium* used, or the *varnish*, which if it does not preserve, may eventually destroy.

The Robelist.

FILIBERTA MADRUZZO.

ONE evening, in the year 1650, towards the close of October, when the trees begin to lose their foliage, then "sere and yellow," in the lowly cell of a convent of the order of Sarafico, in the city of Trento, lay a young girl, upon whose countenance, by the dim light of a solitary lamp, were discovered the hues of death. A dense film was gathered over her large blue eyes; the coral had long since deserted those lips, once so smiling and so lovely; the cold whiteness of the pearl had usurped the dominion of the rose. Her shrunk and hollow cheeks, her pale brow, worn with grief and suffering, bore testimony to the anguish of an afflicted and sorrowing mind: her bosom heaved with a convulsive motion; and if occasionally a feverish movement roused the expiring sufferer, if her imagination wandered in the illusion of a grieving spirit, or strayed to the innocent pleasures of her childhood, it was only the last gaspings, the closing agonies, and after a short struggle she relapsed into the calm of death.

No indications of grandeur distinguished this bed of death; all was simple, humble, monastic; one would in vain have sought in so lowly a chamber the heiress of twenty castles, the Lady of Madruzzo, of Narro, of Pergina, the noble mistress of the four hamlets of the Val Lagarina, the Countess of Chaland, the niece of the prince-bishop of Trento. This fair young creature, abandoned by her family, spoiled of the splendour and pomp of her rank, was on the point of closing her eyes in their last long slumber, like a rose withering on the first opening of its beautiful petals;—her soul was about to take refuge in heaven from the vicissitudes of fortune, and the perfidy of man, and to taste, amid the angelic choir, that happiness which on earth had been denied her.

By her bedside stood a Jesuit priest; dosing in a corner of the cell was a nun, who from time to time raised her eyes to see if life were yet extinct. The stillness of the room was disturbed by a distant sound of bustle in the convent, and, after a few moments, a venerable old man entered the cell; his white, open, and placid brow was shaded by silvery hair; his rich and elegant dress, his dignified and noble bearing, bespoke his high rank; he was the Austrian councillor, Carlo Filippo de Mohr.

As he advanced into the little room, he glanced around, and turned with a look of surprise and anger to the lady abbess who followed him; the meaning of his look was easily understood, and she hastily endeavoured to justify the meanness of the apartment, urging the rules of the convent. Shaking his head in disapprobation, the councillor approached the bed of the invalid, and, removing his glove, passed his wrinkled but snow-white hand over the pallid face of the maiden, parted the hair that was clustered about her forehead, and with tender care smoothed the disordered pillow. After a brief pause, he turned to the by-standers, saying—"Poor child, she seems very ill."

The friar, inclining his head, confirmed the observation, and continued his prayers.

"Be comforted, Filiberta," said the councillor; "I am sent by her most serene highness the Archduchess Claudia, your guardian; yes, unfortunate countess, I will be to you a father."

Roused by this address, Filiberta fixed her eyes upon the speaker; her lips moved convulsively, in a vain effort to articulate some few words.

"Gracious heaven!" exclaimed the compassionate councillor, she is, indeed, dreadfully feeble. Poor Filiberta; sacrificed to ambition and interest, robbed of all the innocent pleasures of thy youth, who shall tell all the sufferings of thy heart! who know all the anguish of thy spirit!"

The astonished friar looked first at the councillor, then at the abbess.

"Filiberta," he interrupted, "has ever been gentle, submissive, and devout; her wishes have been in everything obeyed."

"And yet," replied the councillor, "I have reason to believe that this maiden has been compelled to languish away the brightest years of her youth in the gloom of this cloister; the sweetest moments of her life have been turned to bitterness; her fondest hopes have been blighted—you have brought her to this—you have plunged her into this abyss of sorrow."

"She delighted only in solitude," added the nun: "she shunned our society, remaining constantly shut within her cell, nor could we ever suppose that her seclusion from the world occasioned her one single pang."

"It is," resumed the councillor, "because her spirit was already oppressed with sorrow, because in solitude alone she could indulge her grief, and pour forth the anguish of her heart, or dwell upon the idols of her imagination; this young creature has been violently torn from the object of her love."

The lady abbess reverently signed herself with the cross, and replied that, during the two years in which Filiberta had been an inmate of the convent, she had had communication with her own sex only.

JOHN F.
and bro
and mu
title-pag
publishe
Church
the Ash
the situ
which is
support f
within t
know of
date of

* Extrac
Review. W
sure, for it d
nature.

"In the heart of a young girl," continued the Austrian, "first impressions are deep, and leave their characters effaced but by death. Filiberta loved that young Piedmontese; their attachment was disapproved, and she doomed to die here."

"The prince, her uncle," said the nun, "could never have assented to an alliance that disgraced his illustrious house, and one so ill suited to the last representative of the Madruzzi."

"Alfonzo was not an alliance to be so condemned," answered the councillor; "my lady, the Archduchess, would never have interested herself, had he not been of an honourable house."

A deep sigh from the invalid interrupted the kind old man; in a sepulchral voice, the hollow tone of the dying, she with difficulty articulated the name of Alfonzo.

"Great God, she hears us!" cried the councillor, and, softly stroking her cheek, he continued: "Alfonzo loves you, Filiberta; the Archduchess Claudia takes deep interest in your happiness, and your union will yet be accomplished."

A transient ray of animation crossed the death-like features of the maiden: her eyes beamed for an instant with a brighter light; her lips relapsed into a sweet smile; and, uttering more distinctly the name of Alfonzo, she breathed a gentle sigh, then turned in apparent ease upon her side, and closed her eyes for ever.

"She is gone!" exclaimed the abbess and the nun; the councillor threw himself into a chair, and grasped the already cold hand of Filiberta.

The following day, attended by a long train bearing tapers, the last descendant of the Madruzzi was consigned to the tomb.*

EARLY ENGLISH MUSIC-PRINTERS.

BY EDWARD F. RIMBAULT,

ORGANIST OF SOLIGNY SUISSE.

(For the Mirror.)

(Concluded from page 360.)

JOHN PLAYFORD was born in the year 1613, and brought up to the trade of a stationer and music-seller; and, as we learn from the title-pages of some of the books which he published, he lived "in the Temple neare the Church door." A very interesting MS. in the Ashmolean Library, states that he held the situation of clerk of the Temple Church, which is very probable, and derives some support from the above fact of his residing within the Temple. The first book that I know of which was printed by him, bears the date of 1650; and his productions extend

* Extracted from No. 2 of the *Foreign Monthly Review*. We hail this new periodical with great pleasure, for it displays talent and research of no ordinary nature.

from the above date to about the year 1698, being nearly forty years, during which time his press was in active operation.

Playford was a man remarkable for his industry and constant application to business, insomuch that it gave him the familiar but honourable appellation of "*honest John Playford*."

He was also fond of the study of music, which is proved from some works of his own composition, the first of which he published in 1665, under the title of "*An Introduction to the Skill of Music*." This book was written in a very clear and distinct style, so that it very soon became popular, and had such an extensive sale, that, in the short space of fourteen years, it ran through no less than ten editions,—at once a proof of its popularity. The preface to this work is valuable, as it gives a good idea of the state of music and musicians at that period. Indeed, if a well-digested collection was made of historical fragments and notices that are to be found in the prefaces of such works, it would throw much light on these interesting subjects.

Playford also published some other minor works, and of a miscellaneous character. He printed some songs, in parts, which were set to music by himself, in a work called the "*Musical Companion*," and also some "*Psalms and Hymns in solemn Music*."

Although his skill in music, as might be anticipated from the nature of his common employment, was not so great as to entitle him to the name of a master, for he knew but little of the more difficult parts of the theory; yet, notwithstanding this, he might be called a good judge, and was, undoubtedly, well acquainted with the practical part, and with a tolerable knowledge of the rudiments of composition.

He was a man of aspiring character, and contributed materially to the improvement of the art of printing music from moveable types, by the introduction of what he, in some of his publications, calls, the "*new-tied note*." It may be observed, that the musical characters, or notes, first used by the English printers, were distinct from each other, and not, as in the present time, joined by lines, so that the quaver and semiquaver were signified only by single or double tails, without any connexion whatever; this improvement added much to the beauty and

* The following curious lines by "Thomas Jordan, gent.," the Poet Laureate, and writer of the City Pageants, are to be found in the introduction to Playford's *Musical Companion*, viz.—

"The Parish Clerks, who never knew before Any Right Key, but that of the Church Dore, Are now by thee instructed, so that they Have Rules to Tune each Psalm in the proper key. Thou hast of Art, Music so express'd, That it was never made more manifest. Thy Books have made each Reader a Disputor, Thy Introduction, is both Guide and Tutor.

appearance of printed music, and gave it a more connected and uniform character than the separate notes could admit of. Matthew Lock, in his "*Melotheria*," which was printed by John Carr, in 1673, from copper-plates, joined the notes together; and from this specimen it is supposed that Playford took the idea, and transferred the same improvement to letter-press printing, as above-mentioned. The practice of printing from copper-plates began in Rome, about the year 1636; this the Germans and French quickly adopted, and the English followed the same method, as appears from a collection of lessons by Dr. Bull, Byrd, and Orlando Gibbons, entitled "*Parthenia! or the Maidenhead of the first Music ever printed for the Virginals*, 1659."

Playford lived to the patriarchal age of fourscore, and died, as he had lived, beloved and honoured by all who knew him. It has generally been supposed that he died about the year 1693, but on examining some old newspapers a short time since, I saw the following advertisement in the "*London Gazette*, May 3, 1686:—

"An antient printing house in Little Britain, late in the possession of Mr. John Playford, deceased, well known, and ready fitted and accommodated with good presses and all manner of Letters for Choice Work of Music, Mathematics, Navigation, and all Greek and Latin Books, with fair and convenient dwelling house, and convenient rooms for warehouses, all which are to be sold as they are ready standing, or let by lense, or yearly rent. Enquire of Mrs. Ellen Playford, at the said house over against the Globe in Little Britain."

This advertisement, therefore, proves the period of his death to have been a few years prior to the date usually assigned; and it is curious also in another point of view, because it shows us, from the brief enumeration of his different type, that no kind of printing came amiss to him, he being amply provided with a sufficient variety (then a desideratum,) of letters to enable him to print any kind of works that might be required.

Playford was not only industrious himself in his trade, but also his wife, who appears to have been a shrewd sensible woman, and equally persevering with her husband, and evidently superior to her station in life, as we may conclude from the following advertisement, printed at the end of one of his publications:—"At Islington, over against the church, Mrs. Playford now keeps a boarding school, where young gentlewomen may be instructed in all manner of curious work, and also reading, writing, music, dancing, and the French tongue."

Such an industrious couple could not fail of succeeding in business; and through life

they possessed the friendship and esteem of all the eminent musicians of the period, for they fully appreciated the merits of "*honest John Playford*."

He was succeeded in the business by his son Henry; but as there are no works that bear his name subsequent to the year 1710, it is conjectured that he did not long survive his respected parent.

The music published in the early part of the eighteenth century, began to make a different appearance, being principally collections of songs; and the music itself was printed from copper-plates instead of the old moveable-type system, which, after the death of Playford, rapidly declined, inasmuch that it became quite obsolete; and it is only within these very few years, since the extensive improvements made in type-founding, that it has been revived.

Most of the musical works of this period are embellished with copper-plate engravings at the head of each subject, generally representing the burden or principal incidents of the songs. The music of them were chiefly engraved by one Thomas Cross, who lived in Catherine-Wheel-court, near Holborn, or as it was then more generally called, the Snow-hill Conduit: he appears to have been well known to the music printers of that time, and likewise to the wits about town, as appears from the following couplet, which originally appeared in the "*Orpheus Britannicus*," 1701.

"While at the shops we daily dangle view
False concord, by Tom Cross engraven true."

This is a short compliment to Tom, but not so to those writers of false concord.

The most extensive printer of music that may be said to have filled the place of Playford, was one Walsh, who lived in Catherine-street, Strand; his publications range through a long series of years, commencing from 1700, being nearly half a century; the books which he published are of course too numerous to be detailed here. There were other music printers of the period, one of whom was "*John Simpson at the base viol and flute, in Sweetings-alley, opposite the east door of the Royal Exchange*;" and a second was "*D. Wright, next the Sun Tavern, neare Holborn Bars*;" but as it is scarcely worth while, in a short dissertation like this, to mention the names of all the music-printers of the period that are known, we shall conclude with the two following, viz., "*J. Hare, at the Golden Viol*," and "*John Young, at the Dolphin and Crown*;" both of whom lived in St. Paul's Church-yard.

I have already briefly adverted to the fact of the music being printed from engraved copper-plates; it also appears that the music of the popular operas of the time were also engraved on copper-plates, as is evident from

* From
Sons. Th
undenably
produced
music-print
nated from

the following title, copied from the original work; viz., "*The Beggar's Opera, as it is acted at the Theatre Royal, Lincoln's Inn Fields, written by Mr. Gay: the third edition, with the overture in score, and the songs and the basses (the overture and basses composed by Dr. Pepusch,) curiously engraved on copper-plates, 1729.*"

This tedious method of engraving the notes on copper-plates was gradually superseded by the method of stamping them on pewter-plates, but it did not, however, become commonly used until about the middle of the last century; and the first editions of the works of Correlli, and the immortal Handel, may be looked upon as some of the earliest specimens of this style, which in appearance, however, do not materially differ from the copper-plates.

The great improvements that were made in this art in England, is due to the exertions of a man of the name of Phillips, who produced some very fine specimens; so much so, indeed, that they challenge comparison with the best productions of any other artist of the day, whether English or foreign: although he certainly did make very great improvements, yet he has been accused of having derived his principles from one Fortier, a French watchmaker of some celebrity, and also a stamper of music plates.

About the year 1760, an attempt was made in England to revive the old and original method of printing music from moveable types, by one Fought, a native of Lapland, who settled in London about that time, and took a shop in St. Martin's Lane, and there commenced the business of printing music from type which he himself had made; but he did not succeed, for the Metropolitan music-sellers copied his productions, and by stamping them on pewter-plates, they were enabled to undersell him.

The method of printing music from stamped pewter-plates has continued in practice almost ever since the time just mentioned; within these few years the old method of printing from moveable type has been again revived, and which will most like soon supersede the common method. To those who are not exactly aware of the difference in the appearance of a stamped and a type-printed sheet, it may be necessary to refer them to some example which may be commonly seen, and as such we may mention the "*Harmonist*,"* a new work now publishing periodically, and which is a very good specimen of moveable-type printing:—this may be compared with some of the stamped works now printing, and the difference will be seen not

* From the eminent press of Messrs. Clowes and Sons. These celebrated typographers have, most undeniably, in the above, and other publications, produced the finest and most correct specimens of music-printing, from moveable-type, that ever emanated from the English press.—*Ed. M.*

to be very great in point of appearance, though quite sufficient to show the difference of the two systems, when the advantages of moveable-type printing will become manifest; besides, type-printing is far more expeditious than the mode of stamping.

Another and very obvious advantage is, that the music-type may be readily incorporated in any required way with the letter-press type itself, so that it is an easy matter in this system to give letter-press remarks or notes after any line of music, such as are essentially necessary, and always used in books of instruction, and elementary works on the theory of music; and as this is known to be a very difficult branch of the art, it is necessary that the remarks and explanations should follow the music itself in the same page, which the moveable-type enables us to effect without any difficulty; and it is therefore hoped by these means, that in the course of a very few years, cheap and abundant supplies of good elementary works on the theory and practice of music will be easily attainable, by being vended at such a price as will place them within the means of all classes: doubtless it will be acknowledged, that the principal reason why this delightful science is not so extensively cultivated as might be wished, is, that musical works are too highly priced, indeed so much so, that they cannot be compared with anything else in the whole range of typography.

Manners and Customs.

ROYAL MASQUE.

THE following description of a royal masque, which was exhibited by the Inns of Court, before Charles I., his queen, and the court at Whitehall, in February 1633, is extracted from the Memoirs of Bulstrode Whitelocke, who was one of the principal managers of this magnificent entertainment:—The first that marched were twenty footmen in scarlet liveries with silver lace, each one having his sword by his side, a baton in one hand, and a torch lighted in the other; these were the marshal's men, who cleared the streets, made way, and were all about the marshal, waiting his commands. After these, and sometimes in the midst of them, came the marshal, Mr. Darrell, who was afterwards knighted by the king. He was mounted upon one of the king's best horses, and richest saddles, and his own habit was exceeding rich and glorious; horsemanship very gallant. After him followed one hundred gentlemen of the Inns of Court, five and twenty chosen out of each house; every one of whom were in very rich clothes, scarce any thing but gold and silver lace to be seen of them; and each gentleman had a page and two lackeys, waiting on him in his livery by his horse's side: the lackeys carried

torches, and the page his master's cloak. The richness of their apparel and furniture, glittering by the light of a multitude of torches attending on them, with the motion and stirring of their mettled horses, and the many and various gay liveries of their servants, but especially the personal beauty and gallantry of the handsome young gentlemen, made the most glorious and splendid shew that ever was beheld in England. The torches and flaming huge flambeaus, borne by the sides of each chariot, made it seem lightsome as noon-day, but more glittering, and gave a full and clear light to all the streets and windows as they passed by. The queen did the honour to some of the masquers to dance with them, and to judge them as good dancers as ever she saw; and the great ladies were very free and civil in dancing with all the masquers as they were taken out by them. The persons employed in this mask were paid justly and liberally; some of the music had one hundred pounds a piece; so that the whole charge of the music came to about a thousand pounds: the clothes of the horsemen, and the liveries of their pages and lackeys, which were at their own particular charge, were reckoned, one with another, at a hundred pounds a suit, at least. The charges of all the rest of the masque, and matters belonging to it were reckoned to be full as much as the value of the clothes; and so the charge of the whole masque, which was borne by the societies, and by the particular members of it, was accounted to be above one and twenty thousand pounds. W. G. C.

ORIGIN OF LORD KINGSALE HAVING THE PRIVILEGE OF WEARING HIS HAT IN THE ROYAL PRESENCE.*

SIR JOHN DE COURCY, earl of Ulster, performed prodigies of valour in Ireland: but upon the accession of King John, his splendour and rank having excited the envy of Hugh de Lacie, appointed governor of Ireland by that monarch, the Earl of Ulster was treacherously seized while performing penance unarmed and barefooted in the churchyard of Down-Patrick, on Good Friday, anno 1203, and sent over to England, where the king condemned him to perpetual imprisonment in the Tower, and granted to Lacie all the earl's possessions in Ireland. After his lordship had been in confinement about a year, a dispute happening to arise between King John, and Philip-Augustus of France, concerning the Duchy of Normandy, the decision of which being referred to single combat, King John, more hasty than advised, appointed the day, against which, the King of France provided his champion; but the

King of England, less fortunate, could find no one of his subjects willing to take up the gauntlet, until his captive in the Tower, the gallant Earl of Ulster, was prevailed upon to accept the challenge. But when every thing was prepared for the contest, and the champions had entered the lists, in presence of the monarchs of England, France, and Spain, the opponent of the earl, seised with a sudden panic, put spurs to his horse, and fled the arena; whereupon the victory was adjudged with acclamation to the champion of England. The French king being informed, however, of the earl's powerful strength, and wishing to witness some exhibition of it, his lordship, at the desire of King John, cleft a massive helmet in twain at a single blow. The king was so well satisfied with this signal performance, that he not only restored the earl to his estates and effects, but desired him to ask any thing within his gift, and it should be granted. To which Ulster replied, that having estates and titles enough, he desired that his successors might have the privilege (their first obeisance being paid) to remain covered in the presence of his majesty, and all future kings of England, which request was immediately conceded.

MR. HAMPTON'S DESCENT IN A PARACHUTE,

AT CREMORNE HOUSE, KING'S ROAD, CHELSEA.

MR. HAMPTON commenced his career as an aeronaut at the Eyre Arms Tavern, St. John's Wood, on the 7th of June last, where he met with great difficulties, but his judgment and intrepidity soon overcame them. It was on his ascent afterwards at Rochester, that he particularly displayed great presence of mind, and determined spirit, for, on that occasion, shortly after he had left the earth, the wind shifting, drove his balloon sea-ward, and it descended on the ocean, some miles from the coast; while in this perilous situation, he clung to his balloon, until rescued by a trading vessel, which landed the aeronaut, with his Albion balloon, at Whitstable. He ascended next at Canterbury, when the balloon, not being sufficiently buoyant, from a want of gas, the intrepid Hampton cut away the car to lighten the balloon, and he ascended standing on the hoop to which the ropes that passed over the balloon were attached, and descended safely. In the course of last summer, Mr. Hampton ascended from Cremorne House, and also at other places, with the greatest facility, and descended without accident. At length, he determined to outstrip all competition, by descending from his balloon, by means of a newly constructed Parachute: the Montpellier Gardens, at Cheltenham, was the place chosen for this

* From *Burke's Peerage*. (1839. Churton.)

daring exploit; but the sad fate of Mr. Cocking,* and the censure which the proprietors of Vauxhall Gardens incurred, by permitting the descent from the Nassau balloon, induced the owner of Montpelier Gardens to withhold his consent to Mr. Hampton's experiment; but in order to gratify the curiosity of the immense concourse of spectators that were assembled upon that occasion, he consented that the balloon and parachute should be exhibited, but to ascend no higher than sixty feet from the earth, for fear of accident; when Mr. Hampton had reached this altitude, he could not resist the desire he had of putting his parachute to the test, and accordingly severed the rope which passed over his balloon, the two ends being held by men, stationed in the gardens for that purpose. The astonishment of the spectators may be imagined, when they beheld the intrepid aeronaut majestically soaring towards the clouds. When about two miles from the earth, he determined upon descending; but, unlike Garnerin, who depended upon the atmospheric pressure, Mr. Hampton opened his parachute before he separated it from the balloon. The wind was very high. It appeared, when viewed from below, to be driven along at a great rate; and was, perhaps, the most boisterous Mr. H. ever experienced, the wind carrying him over the Leckhampton hills with great violence. He was not up more than twenty minutes, and descended at Cokerley. This ascent was in May, 1839.



DESCRIPTION OF THE PARACHUTE.

The above engraving shows the admirable construction of the parachute: the upper part is in the form of an umbrella, and about fifteen feet in diameter, with an ornamented border. The ribs are eight feet long, and expand from the top of the parachute to its extremities; they are formed of very thick

whale-bone, strongly fastened by brass clamps: the ribs are connected to the copper-tube by stretchers, made of bamboo. At the ends of the ribs, curtains are suspended, $2\frac{1}{2}$ feet deep; and by an admirable contrivance, Mr. Hampton, when in his seat in the parachute, can by a rope which runs from the car to the curtains, either contract or enlarge them, in the same manner as the sailor furls his sails. In order to guard against every possible accident, the car of the parachute is strongly guarded by iron hoops, to prevent the possibility of its receiving injury on its reaching the earth. Mr. Hampton, while in the car, can, by a pulley which runs through the copper tube, (connecting the balloon to the parachute,) open a small valve in the balloon, by which means he can let as much gas escape as he may think necessary immediately previous to his descending. When Mr. H. imagines enough gas is let off, he severs the rope which holds the parachute to the balloon; (this rope also is conveyed to the balloon through the tube, which is 11 feet high, the altitude of the parachute); and he descends.

The engraving on our first page represents the manner of Mr. Hampton's ascending, with the top of the parachute closed, and also as it appears when expanded; with the mode the gas escapes from the balloon; and his mode of descending, as also that of his balloon; and his reaching the earth at Cokerley.

The ascent at Cremorne House on Thursday last, was a pleasing sight, not so repulsive to the feelings as that of the ascent of Mons. Garnerin, some years since.

Shortly before the ascent, the rain impeded the progress of making the necessary preparation: indeed, for some time, it was imagined no ascent would take place: at length, between eight and nine o'clock in the evening, the car was affixed to the balloon, and everything being ready, the undaunted aeronaut gently ascended, amidst the cheers of the assembled company. When he had been up a short time, he severed the rope which connected the parachute with the balloon, and descended in fine style, alighting on the Fulham-road, in perfect safety.

He was conducted back to the Gardens, accompanied by an immense concourse of people, who were not sparing of their approbation of his daring exploit.

The gardens, unfortunately, were very thinly attended, the admittance money being considered too high, which was, doubtless, the cause.

It is now certain, that Mr. Hampton has proved to the public, he can descend with perfect safety in his parachute.

He will shortly make another experiment.

* See *Mirror*, p. 66, vol. xxi.

Arts and Sciences.

EXHIBITION OF ARTS AND MANUFACTURES
IN PARIS: MAY MDCCXXXIX.

(Concluded from page 363.)

QUITE in the corner of the right-hand gallery are the beautiful products of Messrs. Virbente, brothers, of Toulouse, under No. 2,098, consisting of all kinds of architectural ornaments, capitals of Corinthian columns, fretted mouldings, rich cornices, statuettes, &c., all in baked clay, in fact, in brick-work. The lightness, the durability, and the very low prices of these articles are remarkable. Above them is a large group of figures, "An Entombment of Christ," in the same material. Next to this is a curious model of the gymnastic apparatus of Colonel Amoros, well known for his establishment in the Champs Elysées; the swimming round-about is amusing enough, but, we apprehend, perfectly useless. Of the carriages and vehicles in this court we may observe a steam-carriage for common roads;—a fine locomotive engine, No. 1,736, by Strehlin and Huber, of Bitschwiller, in the Haut-Rhin, which, being entirely of French manufacture, should be carefully examined by all persons acquainted with similar products of British industry;—a travelling-barouch, with an ingenious system of double horizontal springs;—and No. 3,019, a gig, with air springs, light as a zephyr! There is a curious piece of marine artillery, No. 1,203, in this gallery, with a horizontally-revolving circular breech, perforated with a dozen charging-holes or more; into one of which a ball, with the requisite cartridge, is introduced; the breech is worked round by a screw, till the aperture comes into a line with the bore of the piece, and the shot is then fired. If the gun would stand the heat thereby occasioned, 12 or 15 shots of any calibre might be fired in a minute by this contrivance. Close by it is a large anchor, which, we understand, is a very remarkable instance of improvement in French ironwork! and in the same gallery there are some curious specimens of fine grained tough iron, made at the foundry of Grenelle; a suburb of this capital, entirely from old nails, old rusty iron, &c.

In the court itself will be observed two of the cast-iron statues that are to adorn one of the fountains on the place de la Concorde; their effect can hardly be judged of, because they are colossal, and are not intended to be seen quite so close. Behind them is a pen, with some real Merino sheep in it—the only living things except a few gold fish, of which more by and bye—that are classed among the things exhibited. In the middle of the court stand two military figures with a capote and cloak, that serve either for coverings to the body or else as tents. We suspect that

the exhibitor has been trying to invent a Mackintosh! Still further on will be found a clever circular pump, a large number of ploughs, and various other agricultural implements.

We must beg pardon of our readers for having kept them so long among the machines, but we must repeat, that though not outwardly attractive, yet they form the bone and sinew of national progress in all manufactures—that but for them France could not produce her splendid silks and cachemires, her feathers, her jewellery, her sculptured steel work, nor any of her other best products; and that, unless her progress in mechanical ingenuity continues to be great, her advance in manufactured products cannot be considerable. The riches of all the other galleries of the exhibition are entirely dependent upon the excellence of this, the first and the ground-work of the whole.

On entering the gallery No. 2, and proceeding down the left-hand, or eastern side, we are struck with some uncommonly ingenious automaton figures, No. 1,023, one of which in particular, a conjuror, is really a first-rate thing of the kind. Two singing figures, standing on small organ works, that imitate the human voice, are also exhibited under the same number. No. 1,504 comprises some clever anatomical models, &c., in wax; and a little further on will be observed, various collections of orthopedic apparatus, surgical corsets and instruments, all of which possess their several claims to merit. At Nos. 666 and 1,564 will be found some urns, coffee pots, &c., in brown metal, the classic forms of which, with their beautifully-executed ornaments, will enable them to stand a comparison with any of the products of Birmingham. In the mere mechanical part of the fabrication of articles of this kind, the progress of France has of late years been immense; and, however the question may be decided as to the excellence of the material, there is no doubt that, in form and design, English manufacturers are behind their French competitors. Nearly opposite to these standings, against one of the pillars on the left-hand, will be observed the caoutchouc tubes for bell-ropes, check-strings of carriages, &c., by means of which, you may "waft a sigh from Indus to the Pole"—if you can get a tube long enough. They are really very ingenious useful things.

Whoever wishes to make a dash with a magnificent,—we beg the ladies' pardon, but really we cannot mention the word,—piece of linen investiture, should stop at No. 2,862, where Longueville, of the rue Vivienne, boasts, and not unjustly, that he is the first *artiste* in this way in the "universal world."—A series of articles is exhibited in this particular part of the gallery, highly held in estimation by gentlemen of 60, who have not given over their dancing days, and tender

maidens of a certain age, whose hopes of connubial felicity are not yet extinct;—we mean, kind reader, the perruques, formerly called wigs. After seeing what is displayed here, and in a proper spirit of encouragement to that worthy body of industrials called *garçons perruquiers*, we would propose—had we a seat in the legislative chamber—that all persons showing a bald pate or gray hairs, should in future be clapped up in the prefecture of police, and forthwith condemned as disaffected to the capital interest of the country. And, indeed, after looking at the phalanx of corset-manufacturers, or, as we vulgarly call them in England, stay-makers, who have taken up a formidable position in this gallery, we would also be particularly severe, if we could ever be so to the fair sex, against all ladies presuming henceforth to exceed from eight to twelve inches in diameter at the waist. No husband should take his wife down this part of the gallery, for, if he does, to a dead certainty he will have an extra stay-maker's bill in his pocket-book before the year is out.

All Englishmen, and especially lovers of field sports, will have a high treat in examining the gunsmiths' stalls that stand at the bottom of this division of the gallery. The gun-manufacture is that in which, more perhaps than in any other of her hardware produces, England is supposed to exceed the rest of the world; and, therefore, the articles here exhibited deserve the more carefully to be inspected. We may at once remark, that the persons in charge of the guns are very intelligent and civil, and seem to take a pleasure in explaining, with the greatest patience, all the merits of their several inventions. The point at which French gunsmiths seem all to be aiming is, that of effecting the charging at the breach with safety and convenience: most of the new models relate to this desideratum, and, as far as we are capable of forming an opinion, highly ingenious as are the rest, the new fowling-piece of Messrs. Lepage, which works on the hinge principle, has no nipples for caps, and both fastens the breech back again to the stock after loading, and cocks the hammer at the same time, is by far the best. Another exhibitor, Michel, No. 2,155, has a very ingenious horizontal piston applied to his locks, well worthy of examination, and, we think, of trial. At No. 616 the well-known gunsmith Lefauchaux, of the rue de la Bourse, has a large display of his fowling-pieces. Just beyond this is No. 3,260, Cessier, of St. Etienne, the great gun-manufactory of France. Here the carved work of the stocks is particularly worthy of remark, as well as the lowliness of the prices, 100*fr.* seeming to be the average price of a very tolerable article; one is marked at only 12*fr.*, but we had rather be excused the honour of discharging

any "murderous tube" of such a suspiciously low cipher. At Nos. 617 and 614 will be found some *armes de luxe*, the sculptured work of which is really beautiful; and one case in particular, a fowling-piece mounted in rhinoceros-horn, must make any sportsman long to possess so fine an object of art. At Lepage's, No. 618, may be seen, as we have before-mentioned, the newly-invented fowling-piece. In the glass cases will be observed a curious carbine, of two barrels, with only one trigger and four locks, together with a long rapier, of beautifully-chased steel and gold work; a damascened poniard, and various other exquisite products of his workshops. The chief object of this sub-division of the exhibition is a case of arms, made by Lepage for the Duke of Orleans, and, without any exception, it is the most splendid thing of the kind we ever saw. It contains a fowling-piece, a pair of pistols, a sword, a *couteau de chasse*, powder-boxes, shot-cases, bullet-moulds, &c. The whole of the steel-work is sculptured or damascened in the most rich and masterly style; the wood-work is all sculptured, and inlaid with steel and ivory, all chased and engraved; the case itself is oak, of the finest quality, sculptured in high relief, the edges inlaid with chased steel, and the whole lined with the richest velvet. Such an exquisite piece of steel work we never saw before.

The other objects worthy of notice in this left-hand division of the gallery are the parasols, umbrellas, and ornamental canes of all kinds, the newest patterns of which are to be found here: we find nothing very remarkable among them, except a large gold-headed cane, fit for a dandy of the Tuileries or the Bois de Boulogne, the top of which opens, and displays a small parasol, which, when pulled out, the beau may have the pleasure of offering to the belle that graces his arm. There is an interesting stall here of the works of the Blind Institution, some of the knitted articles being beautifully executed. Some wax-work figures, especially a Parisian Venus, in a gauze temple, will attract notice. Among other miscellaneous articles which we ought to have pointed out before to all brothers of the angle, is a monstrous fishing-rod, about 30 feet long; and a complete dress for lion-hunting! think of that, ye Nimrods! An iron helmet and a leathern suit, all bristling with sharp spikes, like the back of a porcupine. Dressed in this, a man might walk in safety through the thickest jungle in India, or might go across Africa, from Sennar to Timbuctoo, without a single bone being broken—always barring the heat of the leathern cuticle, and the imminent danger of suffocation.

New Books.

THE GIFT FOR ALL SEASONS.

(Continued from page 349.)

THE CHARACTER AND PORTRAY OF SHELLEY.

THE enigma in the character of Shelley is this, that his sense of virtue was high and delicate, while his principle was erratic; that the tone of his mind was evidently religious, while his creed was infidelity. What might have been the early treatment which his temper met with, we cannot say, so much depends upon such little things, and so difficult is it for man to manage the disposition of another, especially of untutored youth, so as to train up the early and generous aspirations after virtue, which rise in youthful minds, without disgusting them by the revolting idea that you are weaning the unsuspecting impulses of their unpractised hearts to the selfish purposes of age, and that you are, as it were, revelling in the delights of virtues, of which you leave to those on whom you enjoin them, only the self-denial and the restraint. Some such process as this, however, it would seem, or the susceptibility of it, occurred to the poet, whose character is at present passing under review.

Like a high-mettled steed, in the first buoyancy of untrammelled youth, when he would range apart, and choose his pasture as suited best the bent of his genius, he brooked not imaginary restraint, but bounded with the vigour of an eagle's wing over the paling that encircled the fellows of his herd, backward rolling his indignant eye, and swallowing the earth and air before him with elastic bound, his dishevelled main streaming in the wind:

"Like the bright hair uplifted from the head
Of some fierce man, even from the dim verge
Of the horizon, to the zenith's height,
The locks of the approaching storm."

He dashed into the wild recesses of the forest, where he might compass, without limit or curtailment, regions of space forbid to others, and heights to which access had been denied; and there surely he cropped some of the sweetest morsels which fancy can ever picture, or energy possibly attain.

It is most interesting to observe, with what care he cherished the highest aspirations of virtuous and noble sentiment, and what refinement of mind he carried into the solitude of nature, apart from the rules of society, which experience has established as essential to its coherence and consistency. Unhinged from connexion with the church, he could not throw off his own nature, or disembody the spirit which was in him; and with all the glory of man about him, and more than falls to the lot of most men, he renounced communion with the body whence that glory was derived! and his wandering spirit gleamed in the dark precincts of illu-

mination, like a lost comet on the borders of some collateral hemisphere.

It was impossible for him to divest himself of the high chivalric sentiments, which the revelation of Christ has stamped upon the human mind; or to abandon the romance of nature, with which the God of nature has clothed the prolific energies of creation. And so, having quitted the Temple of Revelation, he would fain build himself another temple in the uncultured wilderness, and worship apart the object of his adoration, as he caught glimpses of the shifting light on the mountain side and in the retired glen.

Any one conversant with his writings cannot but observe that his poetic faith gave birth to a wild theology of his own, which, fugitive and unsettled as it was, was forming itself into a system, we should say, of dogmatic doctrine, were it not that his ideas, as they came from his mind, were ever emanating from the higher faculties, and refined by the transforming passage through a tuneful and a noble spirit. He differed from other men who place themselves in the position of unbelievers, inasmuch as his was the poetry of philosophy, (I use the word as admitted by conventional license;) theirs, philosophy to the exclusion of imagination. Shelley aimed at Faith in Infidelity; other men have been too cold to do so. Lucretius was the poetical historian of self-taught notions, and a sceptic rather than an unbeliever; Shelley was more than either. Lucretius is indefinite; Shelley was ever figuring to himself an airy reality, and longing to believe something: he is an extraordinary anomaly in the variety of mind; his creed was the Pantheism of notion and of nature.

This it is which forms the danger of his writings, because in this consists their fascination to the unwary.

A more striking attestation, however, has perhaps never been given, the more powerful because unwitting, to the reality of the Christian religion, than the result of his experiment; for it has shown, side by side with the exhibition of divine truth, that if man has not revelation as his guide, he must have its image and reflection; if his eye dazzles at the rainbow's brightness, it must repose on its refracted and attenuated likeness in adjacent air.

We may say, therefore, with truth and reason, that this is the very essence of infidelity: I will be my own slave, rather than submit, that I may revel in fancied freedom.

But our present object is not to convict, but to obseve.

The Poetry of Shelley, speaking of its clothing; and the nature of the materials whence it is fabricated—I might, perhaps, say his diction, but that this would be an inadequate expression for something so spiritual and imaginative—was a wild inspira-

tion
lan
the
rea
fla
T
wit
aw
cho
sys
in a
rece
I
the
from
and
later
of t
are
Chr
last
ten
whic
as is
close
natu
estin
Th
whic
state
the ti
ject a
dresse
Emel
vent
seems
at any
had o
passion
"I pra
All of
With t
From t
Weepin
Thou s
The
but co
I conf
In a
could
those
saintly
"Our b
And ou
With oth
The soul
Which t
The four
Confuse
As moun
We shall
Spirit wi
One pass
Till, like
Those ap
Touch, m
Burning
In one ar

tion, caught from the genius of the Greek language and the tints of an Italian sky; the graphic sculpture of the one and the ethereal expression of the other.

His Gods are spirits, and his spirits are flames of fire.

The admirers of his genius must reflect with painful anxiety upon his tragic and awful end; more particularly because melancholy, indeed, as is the non-humanity of his system, he has more the merit of consistency in acting up to it, than many who profess to receive the established doctrine.

It is, therefore, that having closely watched the travail of his mind in disenthraling itself from the influence of the commonly-received and traditionary dogmas of infidelity—for in later years he evidently thought himself out of the errors of such of his earlier works, as are most repugnant to the sentiments of a Christian—we turn with eager anxiety to the last of his poetical productions, finished only ten days before the lamented catastrophe which hurried on his fate, to behold there, as in a glass, the state of his mind at the close of his career. Consistently with his natural character, nothing can be more interesting than the sympathies which it exhibits.

The name itself, *Eipsychidion*, is one which indicates a sublimed and etherealized state of mind, in him who could choose it as the title of a poem, in behalf of such a subject as formed the burden of "Verses addressed to the noble and unfortunate Lady Emelia V—, now imprisoned in the convent of —." At such a shrine Shelley seems unaffectedly to kneel for forgiveness, at any rate, for whatever pain and misery he had caused to the first object of his early passion.

"I pray thee that thou blot from this sad song,
All of its much mortality and wrong.
With those clear drops which start like sacred dew
From the twin lights thy sweet soul darkens through,
Weeping, 'till sorrow becomes ecstasy:
Thou smile on it, so that it may not die."

There may be some who can see nothing but consummate vanity and conceit in this; I confess that I am not of the number.

In unison with what better sentiments could a man, situated as Shelley, die, than those so feelingly expressed towards the saintly object of his sympathy:

"Our breath shall intermix, our bosoms bound,
And our veins beat together; and our lips,
With other eloquence than words, eclipse
The soul that burns between them; and the wells
Which boil under our being's inmost cells,
The fountains of our deepest life, shall be
Confused in passion's golden purity.
As mountain-springs under the morning sun.
We shall become the same, we shall be one
Spirit within two frames. Oh! wherefore two?
One passion in twin hearts which grows and grew,
Till, like two meteors of expanding flame,
Those spheres instinct with it become the same,
Touch, mingle, are transfigured; ever still
Burning, yet ever inconsumable;
In one another's substance finding food,

Like flames too pure, and light, and unimbu'd,
To nourish their bright lives with baser prey.
Which point to Heaven and cannot pass away.
One Hope within two wills, one will beneath
Two over-shadowing minds, one life, one death,
One Heaven, one Hell, one Immortality,
And one Annihilation?"

Seem to admit of but one commentary, that, so far as theory was concerned, Shelley had thought or poetized himself, at last, into disbelief in his own infidel system; and it seems as if, when it was a question whether, in default of something to fill and occupy his mind, he should not stumble upon pure Christianity, as it were, in the dark, Providence threw in his way, and exactly in the light in which he might be prepared to appreciate it, the crucifixion altar.

"Woe is me!
The winged words on which my soul would pierce
Into the height of love's rare universe,
Are chains of lead around its flight of fire;—
I pant, I sink, I tremble, I expire!"

Within a fortnight after, by the visitation of the Most High, amid the lone waters of the deep, "he sank and he expired!"

The Public Journals.

TAIT'S EDINBURGH JOURNAL, NO. LXVI.

[MR. HOWITT has some highly-interesting papers in the above popular periodical, entitled "Visits to Remarkable Places," the second portion treating of Bolton Priory and its immediate vicinity, most romantically, pleasingly, and graphically told. While dilating on the scenery of "The White Doe of Rylston," the author treats his readers with the following notice of the Barden Tower,* blending its history with interesting memoirs of the heroic and once celebrated family of the Cliffords.]

It is a singular circumstance, says the talented author, out of what peaceful, profound, old-fashioned nooks, have gone forth some of the stormiest, sternest, and most ambitious characters in history. Whittaker says—"The shattered remains of Barden Tower stand shrouded in ancient woods, and backed by the purple distances of the highest fells. An antiquarian eye rests with pleasure on a scene of thatched houses and barns, which, in the last two centuries, have undergone as little change as the simple and pastoral manners of the inhabitants." The place, in fact, seems to belong to a past age of English history; to make no part of bustling, swarming, steam-engine, and railroad England; but of England in the days of solemn forests, far-off towns, and the most peaceful and rustic existence. The tower stands a mere shell; but the cottages about it are those which stood there in the days of its glory, and are peopled with a race as

* Vide page 82 of the present volume.

primitive and quiet as they were then. We inquired for a public-house to get a lunch; there was no such thing; but we procured bread and butter, and milk, at one of the cottages; and, as we sat looking out of its door, the profound tranquillity of the scene was most impressive. It was a sultry and baking noon; around were lofty, ancient woods; on the opposite slope, a few cottages half-buried in old orchards and gardens, with their rows of bee-hives; and an old man at work in one of them, as slowly and gravely as an object in a dream, or a hermit in his unpartaken seclusion. Yet, from this place, and such as this, issued

"The stout Lord Cliffords that did fight in France"—ay, and in Scotland and England too—conspicuous in all the wars, from the time of the Conqueror to that of Cromwell; the "Old Clifford," and the "Bloody Clifford," who slew the young Duke of Rutland, and afterwards the Duke of York, his father—of Shakspeare's "Henry VI." Thence, too, went out the great seafaring Lord Clifford, George, third Earl of Cumberland, of Elizabeth's time, who made eleven expeditions, chiefly against the Spaniards and Dutch, and chiefly, too, at his own expense, to the West Indies, Spanish America, and Sierra Leone. But the most remarkable characters connected with this place are,—the Shepherd Lord Clifford; the heroic Countess of Derby, daughter of Henry, second Earl of Cumberland, and grand-daughter of Charles Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, and the Dowager Queen of France, sister of Henry the Seventh, whose romantic history is known to all readers of English history; and especially Anne Clifford, Dowager Countess of Pembroke and Montgomery, of famous memory; for the others made only occasional visits hither, from their more frequent residence of Skipton Castle, to enjoy field sports at their lodge here; but Anne Clifford has placed her memorial on the very front of the house, as its restorer; and the Shepherd Lord constituted it his principal abode.

Anne Clifford has justly been termed one of the most extraordinary women which this country has produced. She was a woman of a high spirit, a determined will, of many good and magnificent qualities, and of a very commensurate consciousness of them. She did great works, and took good care to commemorate them. Two such builders of houses and of families, perhaps no nobleman of the present day can reckon amongst his female ancestry, as the Duke of Devonshire—Anne Clifford, and Bess of Hardwicke. The first thing which strikes your attention in front of Barden Tower, is this singular inscription:—

THIS BARDEN TOWER WAS REPAYED BY THE LADIE ANNE CLIFFORD COUNTESSE DOWAGER OF PEMBROKE DORSETT AND MONTGOMERY BARONESS CLIFFORD WESTMERLAND AND VERCIE LADY OF THE HONOR OF SKIPTON IN CRAVEN AND HIGH SHERIFFESSE BY INHERITANCE OF THE COUNTIE OF WESTMERLAND IN THE YEARES 1658 AND 1659 AFTER IT HAD LAYNE RUINOUS EVER SINCE ABOUT 1589 WHEN HER MOTHER THEN LAY IN ITT AND WAS GREAT WITH CHILD WITH HER TILL NOWE THAT IT WAS REPAYED BY THE SAID LADY. IS. CHAPT. 58. V. 12.*
GOD'S NAME BE PRAISED!

When she came to her ancestral estates, she found six castles in ruins, and the church of Skipton in a similar condition, from the ravages of the Civil War. She restored them all; and upon all set this emblazonment of the fact. One of the first things which she built was a work of filial piety—a pillar in the highway, at the place where she and her unhappy mother last parted, and took their final farewell. She erected monuments to her tutor, Daniell, the poetic historian, and to Spenser—the latter in Westminster Abbey. She wrote her own life—of which the title-page is indeed a title-page, being a whole page of the most vain-glorious enumeration of the titles and honours derived from her ancestors. Spite of her vain-glory, she was, nevertheless, a fine old creature. She had been an independent courtier in the court of Queen Elizabeth, possessing a spirit as lofty and daring as old Bess herself. She personally resisted a most iniquitous award of her family property by King James, and suffered grievously on that account. She rebuilt her dismantled castles in defiance of Cromwell, and repelled with disdain the assumption of the minister of Charles II. "She patronised," says her historian, "the poets of her youth, and the distressed loyalists of her maturer age; she enabled her aged servants to end their days in ease and independence; and, above all, she educated and portioned the illegitimate children of her first husband, the Earl of Dorset. Removing from castle to castle, she diffused plenty and happiness around her, by consuming on the spot the produce of her vast domains in hospitality and charity. Equally remote from the undistinguishing profusion of ancient times, and the parsimonious elegance of modern habits, her house was a school for the young and a retreat for the aged; an asylum for the persecuted; a college for the learned; and a pattern for all." To this it should be added, that, during that age when such firmness was most meritorious, she withstood all the arts, persuasions, and all but actual compulsion, of her two husbands, to oblige her to change the course, and injure the pro-

* "Thou shalt build up the foundations of many generations, and thou shalt be called the repayer of the breach, and the restorer of paths to dwell in."

M. xiv. 347.

Hemans. v. 220.

M.S. 81.

perly of her descendants; and, therefore, it must be confessed, that she was a brave woman, and one whose like does not often appear. It is, however, her celebrated letter to Sir Joseph Williamson, the secretary of Charles II., who had written to name a candidate for her borough of Appleby, that has given her name a Spartan immortality:—

"I have been bullied by an usurper; I have been neglected by a court; but I will not be dictated to by a subject—your man shan't stand.

"ANNE, DORSET, PEMBROKE,
AND MONTGOMERY."

The history of the Shepherd Lord is one of the most singular in the peerage. When his father, Lord John Clifford—the bloody or black-faced Clifford—fell at the battle of Towton, which overthrew the house of Lancaster, and placed Edward IV. on the throne, his mother was obliged to fly with him for safety into the wildest recesses of Yorkshire and Cumberland. She afterwards married Sir Launcelot Threlkeld, of the latter county, who assisted to keep him concealed from the knowledge of the York family—to whom the Clifford blood was, for notorious reasons, most especially odious; but, to effect this, he was obliged to be brought up as a shepherd, and so lived for twenty-four years. On the ascension of Henry VII. to the throne, the attainder against his father was reversed, and he succeeded to his ancestral honours and estates. At this period, it appears that he was as uneducated as his fellow shepherds; but he was a man of strong natural understanding, and had, it would seem, learned much true wisdom in his lowly habit, up amongst the hills.

Some of his verses allude to the studies for which he became remarkable; for he resorted to this Barden Tower, and put himself under the tuition of some of the monks of Bolton. With these he appears to have contracted a strong friendship, and to have passed a life of what must have been a very delightful prosecution of the popular studies of the time. They applied themselves to astronomy; and, it seems equally certain, to *astrology*. In the archives of the Cliffords have been found manuscripts of this period, and supposed to belong to the Shepherd, which make it more than probable that *alchemy* was another of the fascinating pursuits of Lord Henry and his monkish companions. Some of these verses conclude with the usual declaration, that the writer could not disclose the grand secret.

There is matter for a fine romance in the life of this Lord; the stirring nature of the times when he was born; the flight of his family; his concealment; his life on the mountains; his restoration; his secluded mode of existence, and mysterious labours; and then, his emerging as he did, after he had so spent the whole of the reign of

Henry the Seventh, and the first years of Henry the Eighth, at the age of nearly sixty, as a principal commander of the victorious army of Flodden; showing, that the military genius of the Cliffords merely slumbered beneath the philosophic gown. There is something very picturesque in the description of his followers, in the old metrical history of Flodden Field.

Before leaving Barden Tower, we must just notice the singular old chapel which bounds one corner of the court-yard. You enter at a door from the court, and find yourself in a dwelling-house; another door is opened, and you find yourself in the loft of a very old chapel, which remains in the state in which it was centuries ago, except for the effects of time, and where service is still performed by the clergyman of Bolton.

The Gatherrr.

"I was much delighted," says Pratt, in his *Gleanings*, 1794, "on walking over these grounds with the generous master of them, (Howard the philanthropist,) to see twenty or thirty worn-out horses enjoying themselves, in perfect freedom from labour, and in full supply of all that old age requires. Each of the fields has a comfortable shed, where the inhabitants can resort to in hard weather, and are sure of finding the rigours of the season softened by a well-furnished crib of the best hay, and a manger either of bran or corn ground, or some other nourishing food. Chelsea Hospital is not better accommodated; the day on which I made the circuit of the pastures was one of the finest of August; some of the pensioners were renovating in the sun, others reposing in the shade; but on the approach of their benefactor, all of them, actuated by a feeling of gratitude worthy of admiration, that could move with ease, came towards him, invited his attention, and seemed very sensible of their situation. Some, whose limbs almost refused their offices, put themselves to no small difficulties to limp towards him, and even those, who being confined to their hovels, might be fairly said to be bed-ridden, turned their languid eyes to him and appeared sensible of his pity and caressings."

H. M.

Liquid Leather.—A Dr. Bernland, of Larrin, in Germany, is said to have discovered a method of making leather out of certain refuse and waste animal substances. A manufactory of this nature has been established near Vienna. No part of the process is explained, only it is said that the substance is at one time in a complete state of fluidity, and may then be cast into shoes, boots, &c.—*Bristol Mirror*.

Count Potoeki, in his travels in Lower Saxony, had a manuscript of the Lord's Prayer, such as it was used in the early times

of Christianity in that country, presented to him; the following is a correct copy of it:

Nesse | wader, | tu | toy | Jias, | wa | nobias | hay,
sionga | Woarda | Tigi | Cheryma | tula | Riek |
Komme.

Tia | willie | asymweh | Rok | wa | nobias | hay |
kak | no | symle.

Un | wi | by | doy | nam | nesse | chrech | kak |
moy | Wy | by | dayne | neesen | Chrosmarin |

Ny | bringwa | nass | na | Wasakonie | day |
llway | ness | wit | Wyskak | chandak. Amen.

H. M.

In excavating for the line of the Great Western Railway a few days since, a remarkably fine tusk of the mammoth was discovered lying in a bed of new red sand-stone, about seven feet below the surface.

Happiness.—Such is our pride and weakness, that we consider happiness as our right, and misfortune as an injustice. A wise man, on the contrary, will consider a happy condition as a prize drawn in the lottery, which he had no right to expect, but which his good fortune secured for him.—*Lady Blessington.*

French Harbours.—It appears from a statement drawn up by the administration of Bridges and Roads, that there are in France no less than 400 harbours and landing-places.

Photography.—The *Literary Gazette* mentions, that M. Bonafons, of Turin, has found in a catalogue of old Italian works:—"Descrizione di un nuovo Modo di Transportare, qual si sia Figura Disegnata in Carta Medianti i Raggi Salari; di Antonio Cellio. Roma, 1686. In 4to. fig.—Thus truly verifying the old adage, "that there is nothing new under the sun."

A New Method of preserving Iron-work from Rust, communicated by M. Paymen to the French Institute, consists in plunging the pieces to be preserved in a mixture of one part concentrated solution of impure soda (soda of commerce) and three parts water. Pieces of iron left for three months in this liquid had lost neither weight nor polish; whilst similar pieces immersed for five days in simple water, were covered with rust.—*Liverpool Mercury.*

The chief objects of interest in the ancient town of Antiphellus, are the tombs; the cliff, overhanging the town, is full of them, many being highly ornamented with architectural designs, and have some resemblance to the windows of the Elizabethan age, with their stone mullions, and are in imitation of buildings of wood, the joints representing wedged ties or dovetails, and the overhanging cornices being formed like the ends of beams of round trees, producing a picturesque architectural ornament.—*Fellowes's Journal.*

There is no greater satire upon man than man himself. Inconsistency and absurdity seem in many the leading features of their composition; they run heedlessly on, confi-

dent in the supposed safety of their purblind course, until some overwhelming storm, which a very small portion of common sense might have averted, comes on them unawares, and crushes them, probably for ever.

Oh, Time! time! how rapid are thine approaches to eternity! Of the past, there is nothing left but remembrance. A few brief years will render us insensible to every thing earthly: care, trouble, and anxiety, will then have ceased to agitate our bosoms, and God grant that the memory of the pleasures of this life may be lost in the enjoyment of that happiness which is the attribute of a blessed immortality.

How happy is he who can look upon the past with pleasureable regret, and forward with the hope that his days may be days of peace, and his exit the passage of the blest!

C. S.

The pulsation of the heart takes places 100,000 times a day; so that the pulse beats about 70 times in a minute.—*Curtis on Health.*

Constancy.—The constant man looks up to heaven in full hope, even when it is darkened; as flowers, that open with the sun, close not, though they be hidden by clouds.

Cheerfulness.—David Hume declared he would rather possess a cheerful disposition, inclined always to look on the bright side; than, with a gloomy mind, be master of an estate of ten thousand a-year.

The Lords of the Admiralty have sent a ship of war to the south-western corner of Asia Minor, for the purpose of transporting from thence to this country, a large collection of most valuable ancient sculptures and bas-reliefs, which have been described by Mr. Fellowes, in his account of Asia Minor, where many towns and cities, and a remarkable and nearly perfect ancient theatre, hitherto quite unknown, have likewise been found.

An edition of the Classics, published about sixty years since, on the Continent, has this curious frontispiece. It represents on one side, Christ upon the cross, and on the other, a figure of the author, from whose mouth issues a label with these words: "Lord Jesus! lovest thou me?" His question is answered by another label, affixed to the mouth of the figure, addressed: "Highly famed, excellent and most learned rector of Seger, imperial poet, and well-deserving master of the school at Wirtemberg, yes, thou knowest I love thee!"

H. M.

LONDON: Printed and published by J. LIMBRID, 143, Strand, (near Somerset House); and sold by all Booksellers and Newsmen.—In PARIS, by all the Booksellers.—In FRANCFORT, CHARLES JÜGEL.